LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

*Ad No. 1221– Req. No. 11436—2/3 page—B&W—4½ x 10 in.—* {Scholastic / *The Log* / The Pointer} *—Week of January 16, 1961* (A)

Column Number 3

## HOW SMALL CAN YOU GET?

Today let us address ourselves to a question that has long *rocked* and *roiled* the academic world: Is a student better off at a small college than at a large college?

To answer this question it is necessary first to define terms. What, exactly, do we mean by a *small* college? Well sir, some say that in order to be called truly small, a college should have an enrollment of not more than four students.

I certainly have no quarrel with this statement; a four-student college must unquestionably be called small. Indeed one could even call it *intime* if one knew what *intime* meant. But I submit there is such a thing as being too small. Take, for instance, a recent unfortunate occurrence at Crimscott A and M.

Crimscott A and M, situated in a pleasant valley nestled between Denver and Baltimore, was founded by A. and M. Crimscott, two brothers who left Ireland in 1706 to escape the potato famine of 1841. As a result of their foresight, the Crimscott brothers never went without potatoes for one single day of their lives—and mighty grateful they were! One night, full of gratitude after a hearty meal of French fries, cottage fries, hash browns, and au gratin, they decided to show their appreciation to this bountiful land of potatoes by endowing a college. They stipulated that enrollment should never exceed four students because they felt that only by keeping the college this small could each student be assured of the personalized attention, the camaraderie, the feeling of belonging, that is all too often lacking in higher education.

Well sir, things went along swimmingly until one Saturday a few years ago. On this day Crimscott had a football game scheduled against Minnesota, its traditional rival. Football was, of course, something of a problem at Crimscott, what with only four students enrolled in the entire college. It was easy enough to muster a backfield, but finding a good line—or even a bad line—baffled the most resourceful coaching minds in the country.

Well sir, on the morning of the big game against Minnesota, its traditional rival, a capricious destiny dealt Crimscott a cruel blow—in fact, four cruel blows. Sigafoos, the quarterback, woke up that morning with the breakfastic fever. Wrichards, the slotback, was unable to start his motorcycle. Beerbohm-Tree, the wingback-tailback, got his necktie caught in his espresso machine. Langerhans, the fullback, was stolen by gypsies.

Consequently, alas, none of the Crimscott team showed up at the game, and Minnesota, its traditional rival, was able to score almost at will. Crimscott was so out of sorts that they immediately broke off football relations with Minnesota, its traditional rival. This later became known

as the Dred Scott Decision.

So you can see how only four students might be too small an enrollment. The number I personally favor is twenty. How come? Because when you have twenty students and one of them opens a pack of Marlboro Cigarettes, there are enough to go around for everybody, and no one has to be deprived of Marlboro's fine, mild flavor, of Marlboro's easy-drawing filter, of Marlboro's joy and zest and steadfast companionship, and as a result you have a student body that is filled with sweet content and amity and harmony and concord and togetherness and soft pack and flip-top box.

That's how come.

© 1961 Max Shulman

* * *

***You will also find twenty cigarettes—twenty incomparable unfiltered king-size cigarettes—in each pack of Marlboro's new partner in pleasure—the Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!***

2061033401

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/

2061033401